









## A KIND HE...

[illegible]

you, and to-day I am Madame  
wife. Banish from your mind  
fatality. This is not a fiction, but  
your fate. Indeed, some reason  
in your fortunes, were the work  
of fate, in the course of one or  
two miles, by a seemingly inexplicable  
fortune, he had been raised to  
wealth beyond his desires. A  
man, twenty-five years old, he  
holder of a princely fortune, he  
the noblest of the nobles, when  
along the Rue St. Honoré,  
a stopped suddenly before him,  
and elegant woman called from

“Dear, Monsieur,” said She-  
pherd, “I have been waiting  
and down, opened the carriage  
and Frederic to enter. He did  
some hesitation and surprise,  
started to fly at full speed, but  
I have a note from the Duke  
of the Tour, in a very soft and sweet  
spile of refusal, I hope yet to  
evening of my party.”  
“Fading,” said Frederic, “I  
Alas! a thousand pardons,”  
with an air of confusion, “I  
see. Forgive me, sir; you are so  
resembling a friend of mine that  
resemblance is so striking  
have deceived any one.”  
Frederic replied politely to the

were terminated the carriage door of a splendid mansion, when could do more than offer a Mellon, as the fair stranger said to be. Through English law, in fact, she was a French citizen. Her extreme beauty in a Tour, and he congratulated the happy accident which had such an acquaintance. I told him with civilities, and he was certainly; but he had not the time to do more than to explain and security wardrobe presentation doing credit to his tailor. An invitation to the party

And Time, the thief,  
As in the days  
That waved  
But the valiant  
And the heart  
For the hearts  
And they lie

—Mrs. Cady  
Haucock.

—It is hime  
is the victim  
—The Menk  
nute is Malt  
—The Menk

—A Pennsylvanian night of the next day he was very unpleasant about one.

—California chief rabbi—The rabbi of the Malaga synagogue raised 25,000 pe-

—A very re-

...and half-seriously explained: "It is a fairy tale," he said. "foolish boy," resumed the mother, "was once a young girl, the parents well-born, and at one time she had declined sadly in circumstances, depending entirely for support on the labor of her father. Her hopes sprung up and lapsed, and she fled to Paris; but it is difficult to descend down the path of misfortune, and she was overtaken by poverty, and at last died in a madhouse soon followed; and the mother, left alone, the occupant of a

the rent was not paid. If any fairy connected with the matter, she would find out none came. The young girl, without friends or proselytists, by debts which she could make in vain for some species. She found none, still it was not to have food, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night was sleepless. Next day was without food, and the poor girl the resolution of begging. She said with her mother's call, she had received, and, saying the word, she went to the figure, she held out her hand.

was white, and youthful, and felt the necessity of covering up the fact, as if it had been concealed, the poor girl held her tiny tunic herself and asked, "Is this to get bread?" The policeman. An old man passed. I thought that experience of life might have softened one of the faces. It had not. The eyes were not softened, his heart was cold and rainy, and when the night police appeared, streets clear of all mendicant characters. At this period the

The sarsa asserted to be the brother of the head of the peardin of their ancestor a coil of rope. The sarsa supporting his and sheltering leaves of the United States employ ment five more.

— Baltimore

"mine," repeated the young man, turning to the girl, whom he held and feeble woman, he continued:

"My good dame, and permit me safely to the end of the street. I am going to the unfortunate girl, he said, saying: 'There is a piece of news. It is all I have—take it, poor thing!'"

A hundred souls passed from the "matinee," continued the lady, "and along, supporting my steps, I saw you, distinctly saw you!"

"I said Frederic, in amazement, 'and your friend,' returned his

me that you gave alms on that  
my life—my honor, perhaps  
saved it."  
"Necant—Yes, so young, so beau-  
tiful!" cried Frederic, "and  
I have just said, I will not, I repeat  
it, my life received alms—once  
in you; and those alms have de-  
fined life."  
"Following that miserable night,  
in which I had inspired some  
unfortunate lady to enter as  
a respectable house, cheerful-  
ly with me; labor, I had the  
to become a favorite with the  
on I served, and, indeed, I did  
in pouring his  
ly admitted  
money, but v  
disposition w  
that the test  
few, but the  
among the R  
tyrannical  
obliged to giv  
days were c  
fication of ge  
and the test  
testimony, I  
received the  
of my friend

Heard diligence and care, to  
for, Sir James Melville, who  
life. One day Sir James Mel-  
million of great property, came  
ment along with a party of  
turned again. He spoke with  
and learnt that I was of good  
born, learnt my whole educa-  
tion that he sat down by my side,  
asked me plainly if I would mar-  
ry?" cried I in surprise.  
Melton was a man of sixty, tall,  
blue-looking, in answer to my  
question he said, "I am not sure  
will be my wife? I am rich, but  
affair—no happiness. My rela-

earn to see me in my grave. I wish to require a degree of kindness to be bought from our suits, and your very words will not so support me properly as well as earnestly. I make my proposal with the hope that you will agree to it.

"When did I see you last time, Frederic?" continued the youth. "I had seen you but once, and so memorable for me ever and something always insinuated we were destined to pass through each other."

"At the bottom of my soul I believe every one around me is a hypocrite, and I am the only one, and the only one that I might one day make

Virginia.  
North Carolina.  
Maryland.  
Mississippi.  
Alabama.  
Georgia.  
Florida.  
Texas.

Be The  
Camden, at  
cause North  
1,025,000 men  
1860; Prus  
tria needs t  
This terrible

At length my main objection to Sir James's proposal lay in a dislike to make myself the instrument of Sir James's aims and aspirations. I was distressed without good reason, as I had no objection, when stated, only anxiety for my consent, and the impression that it would carry romance the length of the advantageous settlement I consented to Sir James's proposal. The poor, Frederic, is really I, a poor orphan, penniless, wife of one of the richest barons. Dressed in silks and sparkling jewels, he is the very image of the nineteenth-century aristocrat.

re, in the very streets where, a few  
re, I had stood in the rain and  
gentleman!" cried M. de la Tour, at  
the story, "he could prove his  
happy," resumed the lady. "Our  
strangely assorted, proved much  
live, it is probable, to his own

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